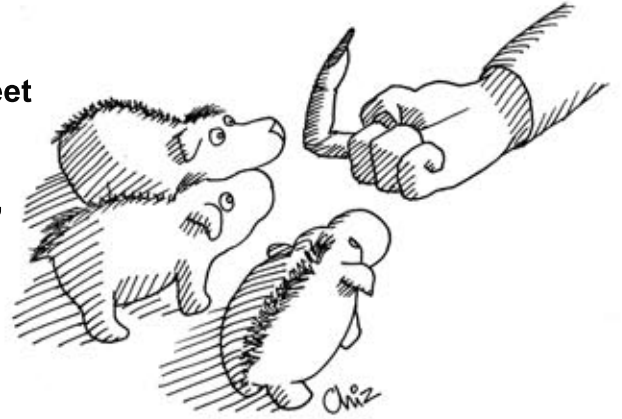


The Tale of the Cocklebur Ick

There were once many Cocklebur Icks
We were sticky, not pretty or quick
Coz people are twits!
They didn't want Cocklebur Icks
For our fur was all sticky and thick
And we cried in the night in the street

One day a man came to the Icks
He seemed kind and his smiles were all sweet
"Some people aren't twits!"
"Perhaps?" thought the Cocklebur Icks
"He'll see beauty is more than skin deep!"

"So why not come play for a bit?"
Said the man to the Cocklebur Icks
"With your fur that will stick, quick!
Come to my house and we'll sit
We'll have tea and jam, raisins and sweets!"
So along went the Cocklebur Icks
And they sang as they danced down the street!



But it all was a horrible trick
For this man was not friendly a bit
Coz people are twits
He captured the Cocklebur Icks
Used their fur for fastening his bits
Coz the coat of the Cocklebur Ick
Was cheaper than buttons and zips!



So the Tale of the Cocklebur Ick
Is a tale that'll make you feel sick!
Coz people are twits!
You'll never see Cocklebur Icks
In the fields, or the parks or the streets
The poor little Cocklebur Icks
All undone coz of fur that would stick
And coz people are twits!

Words and music by Matthew Sweetapple © 2006